

LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S

WEEKLY



MUSEUM,

AND

PHILADELPHIA REPORTER.

Devoted to Literature, Arts, Domestic Economy, News, Piety, Morals, Humor, Pathos, Criticism, Poetry, &c.

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ADVENTURE IN A CONVENT.

The boarders enjoyed a decent liberty, and were indulged in all those pleasures that are reconcileable with purity of manners. At one time they all mixed together in some innocent play; at another they divided into separate companies, for conversation or entertainments. Sometimes a nun would be present at, and take part in, their recreations, which, whilst she watched over them, she would frequently render more agreeable. I never entered into any of these diversions without Emilia; and she, with an infinite complaisance, would frequently endeavour to procure me amusements, that could not but be very insipid to a mind wholly filled with a deep-rooted passion: for such was hers for Salmoni, notwithstanding thirteen years of absence.

I cannot avoid relating a pleasant adventure which happened to us in one of these parties. Amusing the reader is, perhaps, less my motive, than to guard the public against lending an ear to scandalous reports, when they relate to persons, whose situation and manners seem to render them less obnoxious to suspicion. If the tale I am about to recite, had got abroad into the

world, in what colours, would it have been painted? and yet it arose from the most innocent circumstances.

Amongst the connexions I had formed, I was particularly intimate with a young Genoese boarder, a girl of quality, born to a considerable fortune. Her apartment was situated at the extremity of one of the wings of the convent. A window in her closet looked into the street; but being extremely lofty, prevented any suspicion of a communication from without.

In this apartment we were assembled, far from all eyes, and out of the reach of scandal. This Genoese, three or four other boarders, Emilia, I, and some agreeable nuns, composed our little society. We permitted ourselves sometimes to exceed the usual hour of retiring, particularly when a collation was intended; to this we had the abbess's consent. That estimable woman, possessed of the greatest piety, had none of that rigorous scrupulosity, which oftener springs from hypocrisy than true devotion. She knew, that youth has need of some recreations to make its duties pleasing. Such a day, or such an hour, did not make these recreations more criminal in her eyes, and whilst propriety presided at them, they had easily her assent. Too wise, however, not to respect established prejudices, she exacted the strictest secrecy on these innocent parties, and particularly, that we should require no service from the domestics of the convent, that could lead to suspicion.

My companion had a brother who loved her tenderly, and frequently visited her in the parlor. She had acquainted him with our little assemblies and the embarrassment we were under to procure refreshments after the hour of retiring to rest. To remedy this inconvenience, he directed a pastry-cook, near the house, whom he well paid, to furnish his sister with what she might want on these occasions: and that the pastry-cook might know on what days his services would be required, it was agreed that a certain signal should be placed in the window of the closet, which I have mentioned. He had orders to give a look out every day, and when he perceived the signal to attend to it. At the hour appointed, usually nine or ten in the evening, a basket was let down from the window by means of a cord, and the pastry-cook filled it with various things proper for an entertainment. The basket was drawn up, and the little party thus celebrated its nocturnal feasts, without scandal and without indiscretion.

Hitherto no accident had interrupted our security. The carnival was approaching, and we flattered ourselves with the expectation of passing our time agreeably. On an evening appointed, the abbess being previously acquainted with it, we were assembled in this apartment. A tranquil joy reigned amongst us; and we had promised ourselves not to separate till sleep obliged us. A comfortable fire, a table neatly spread, delicious liquors sparkling in the glasses, bons mots and sallies of wit, beginning to circulate, every thing, in short, promised us a delightful evening. The hour for letting down the basket arrived, we ran to the window, opened it merrily, and sent down our wicker purveyor, wishing him a safe return. When we supposed him loaded, we drew him up: he appeared heavier than usual; we praised the kind pastry cook, who, thanks to the carnival, had surpassed himself. The desired handle appeared; each seized it; each wished to have the honor of conveying the charge in triumph to the fire-side. Eagerly uncovering it, what was the first object that met our eyes? Heavens! an infant! that appeared to have been born in the course of the day! Never did Medusa's head work a more instantaneous effect; we were all transformed into so many statues! the nuns felt still more than we, the danger of such an adventure, and the consequences it might produce, of which ridicule was the least to be feared.

The long astonishment into which we were thrown, wore off by degrees, and speech gradually returned. Oh heaven! what shall we do? what will become of us? were the first words that issued from every mouth. One was in despair, another wept; some were for running away; others, who were wiser, laughed at their fears.

In the mean while, my companion, who was not easily disconcerted, had taken the child out of the basket, placed it on a sofa, and, without being noticed in the midst of our confusion, had returned to the window, again let down the basket, and on a sudden made her appearance with the provisions. This sight revived our courage; and a few glasses of wine unfettered our tongues. Twenty different schemes were proposed, and still the last the wildest: whilst all spoke at once, there was none to attend.

At last, Emilia, who hitherto had not uttered a word more than the first exclamation, opened her mouth, and every one was silent to listen to her. What are we all frightened at? said she. If we had any thing to reproach ourselves with, it would be excusable; but nothing is more innocent than this accident. This trifling adventure, ladies, ought to be a lesson to you, and to teach you, that, in every circumstance of life which opposes our desires, or exhibits appearances unfavorable to us, we ought calmly to face the storm, particularly when our conscience does not reproach us, and we have not our own imprudence to condemn. No misfortune ought to disturb our tranquility, especially if we would preserve that presence of mind necessary to remedy it. The wisest step we can take is to go to the abbess; we know the rectitude of her heart, and we are sure of her esteem; to relate to her ingenuously what has happened; to rely on her prudence to repair our misfortune; and not to be restrained by the shame of confessing what would be useless to attempt to conceal; an attempt which would expose us to suspicions that our innocence would render more painful.

Emilia immediately took a candle, and went softly to the apartment of the abbess, whom she requested to come to us, without acquainting her with the reason. In a few moments they arrived together. Emilia then related what had happened, and the fears that had seized us. The abbess wisely turned our fears into a jest: then, assuming a more serious tone, she pointed out to us the vexatious incidents to which whatever bears any re-

lation to intrigue is liable; remarking, that it always bears the stamp of dissimulation, which, sooner or later, will lead to some disagreeable dilemma; and that we had received the punishment which our imprudence merited, for over-stepping the bounds of that liberty she had given us. Thus, from the most trifling events, may we derive lessons, that take fast root in the minds of youth.

She suppressed our night-parties for the future, and the next day stopped up the closet window. The child was placed in safe hands, and properly provided for. We afterwards discovered that some one was going to expose the infant at the gate of a church; but seeing the basket, hoped to procure a better fate for the poor unfortunate. Our society clubbed together; and the sum raised was sufficient to procure a decent situation for the child, of whom I have never since heard. How often does slander skulk under the mantle of truth, to spread its venom? This anecdote may serve to caution us, how much we ought to guard against listening to reports that affect any one's reputation, with however strong an appearance of truth they may be colored.

MARIA CECILIA.

DESCRIPTION OF WEDDINGS IN NORTH WALES.

Public weddings are the universal custom among the common people throughout the principality of Wales. Here, if the father of the bride can afford it, he provides the marriage feast, and it is her portion: if he cannot, or if she have no parents, she borrows money of some friend, or obtains credit at some public house; and after the expenses of the feast are defrayed, the residue is her own. Every man who dines, pays a shilling; every woman, sixpence; tho many choose to give a shilling. Every one that drinks tea, pays sixpence; every pint of ale is served up to the person who calls for it, and many come only to drink and dance.

A poor man, in the hollow of the mountain, married his daughter since we came here. He brewed a quarter of malt for the occasion. The table was spread out of doors; for his house, consisting of one room only, could not contain the company. Forty persons sat down at once; and as soon as these had dined, forty others took their places. My father, who gave me the account, was an invited guest. He remained there nearly two

hours; and during that time saw about a hundred and fifty persons. Two only of this number could speak English. Not a female appeared in any thing but woolen; nor one without the beaver-hat, except the mother of the bride, who was the cook.

The banquet consisted of five rounds of beef, attended by bags of pease, and mountains of cabbage. These were placed on the table in succession, as fresh company demanded a fresh supply, and formed luxurious fare to people accustomed to live upon oatmeal and buttermilk. The guests dined off wooden trenchers, and sat on wooden planks supported by slates. The desert was butter and cheese. The bride, her father, and her mother, waited. A harper made one of the party; and another was expected. The house served for an occasional drawing room; and two beds that were in it, supplied the place of sofas.

At Lianbebllic, the parish church of Caernavan, I saw a sailor married to the daughter of a shoemaker. The bridegroom marched first with his bridesmen, or as they are here called, his servants, one on each side; the rest of the men followed, three abreast. Then came the intended bride between her servants, and the rest of the women, in the same order, closed the procession. There were about forty persons in the whole: these town ladies were not clad like the mountaineers, but in flowered cotton gowns, white petticoats, and white stockings. The bride and her maids were distinguished by white satin ribbands in their caps; the beaver hat is ever the same, but these were ornamented with a smarter bow than those of the rustics. The morning being rather cloudy, a part of their finery was eclipsed by their blue cloaks, which nothing but the hottest sunshine, and sometimes not even that can tempt them to lay by.

When the clergyman came to a certain part of the service, he stopped; the sailor stepped forward and laid four shillings on his book. The parson very composedly gave one to the clerk, pocketed the other three himself, and thus sure of his reward proceeded to make the lovers man and wife. The ceremony ended, the two bridesmen flew at the two poor defenceless maids; and after some struggling, each ravished a kiss. This is an established custom at a wedding; and also between godfathers and godmothers, of all ranks, at a christening. If the lady can leave the church without receiving a salute, she claims a pair of gloves;

if the gentleman succeeds, she is supposed to be satisfied.

Every person acquainted with either of the families; makes it a point of honor to attend the wedding feast. A considerable sum is thus collected, for the benefit of a young couple beginning the world; and each receiving it in his turn, is only laying up a fund against his own marriage, or paying a debt contracted at it.

MISS HUTTON.

PHILADELPHIA:

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1818.

HYMENEAL.

Ye sticklers for honors, and hoarders of wealth,
Ye sportive and sprightly, with youth and with health
Pray trip it to HYMEN, and no longer tarry;
You'll ne'er get nor enjoy any bliss till you marry:
And only reflect, if you do not soon go,
That when you'd say YES, you'll find others say NO!

MARRIED, on Thursday evening, by the Rev. Joseph Pilmore, Mr. JAMES GREBLE to Miss ELIZA RICHARDSON, all of this city.

PENALTY FOR SEDUCTION, &c.

An interesting cause was last week tried at Elkton, Md. The plaintiff was a young lady of interesting appearance and of a respectable family, about eighteen years of age, and the defendant a wealthy old gentleman. *Seduction and breach of promise of marriage* constituted the charge. After considerable investigation, a verdict was obtained, awarding *Six thousand dollars damages!* An instance lately occurred in Bucks County, when a person was fined two thousand dollars for breach of promise of marriage. Such examples should operate as warnings to those who are in the habit of trifling with the feelings of the female sex.

UNITED STATES' BANK.

The following expressive extracts are from Niles' Register, and relate to an interesting topic which at present occupies the public mind.

'We are much pleased to find that our warm remarks in the last Register, about the Bank of the United States, were not above the general temperament. So far as we have heard, they received the approbation of every *disinterested* and consid-

rate man. The bank, like an *abandoned* mother, has most imprudently *HASTARDIZED* its offspring, and deserves not the countenance or support of honest people.'

'The bank of the U. S. has committed an act of *suicide*;—whether it will cause its death or not, the *doctors* at Washington City and at the seats of the several state governments will soon have to determine. This is certain, that the wound never can be wholly cured. The institution has lost the reputation that remained to it. The bubble in its stock burst some time ago; and now the repute that yet belonged to the establishment, as furnishing a '*national currency*'!! has departed from it.'

Orange Co. N. Y.

By a letter from a gentleman in Salem, (Mass.) to his friend in this town, dated August 30, we learn that the Cashier and Clerk of the *Essex Bank* lately eloped, carrying with them between *eighty* and a *hundred and twenty thousand dollars* in cash belonging to the *Essex* (Salem, Mass) Bank. A few days had been spent in counting the money left in the vault, but the amount had not been ascertained.

ST. MARKS AND PENSACOLA.

We have seen some conjectures in the newspapers respecting the delivery of the Spanish posts in Florida, which it has been announced are to be restored to the Spanish government, that have led us to some inquiry into the subject.

The two posts, we are induced to believe, will be surrendered under variant circumstances.

The post of St. Marks will not be surrendered, but to a force *competent to hold it*. It is a military post, remote from any population, surrounded by hordes of desperate Indians and negroes; it is the only barrier against their ravages and incursions. To evacuate it on the mere demand of any Spanish agent deputed to receive, or to a force incompetent to hold it, would be to evacuate it to the Indians; for, we have the authority of the late Spanish commander of it, for saying, that the Indians controlled him, and not he them. Self-preservation is the first dictate of nature; and there is nothing in the law of nations, most rigorously construed, which requires a nation to prostrate any part of its population at the mercy of an infuriated and savage enemy. We have daily accounts that the Seminole Indians remaining unsubdued are embodied in force: this check withdrawn, and they might sweep our borders. On the appearance of a force adequate to garrison the post, it will be promptly given up.

With respect to Pensacola, that post stands on a different footing. There are not fifty warriors west of the Appalachicola, and the population of the frontier is sufficient to keep them in awe. The population of Pensacola alone is abundantly competent to preserve it from falling into the hands of the Indians. That post, therefore, will be surrendered, without condition, to any agent of Spain duly authorised to receive it.

It is thus seen, that the U. States do not desire to hold the Spanish posts; one of which is surrendered without condition, and the other without any condition but that it shall not be surrendered to a force, nominally Spanish, under a control actually Indian. In a word, it is to Spain, and not to the Seminoles, that both the posts are to be surrendered.

National Intelligencer.

The treasurer of the state of Ohio has publicly announced the depreciated value of their bank-notes. He informs the collectors that he shall not receive any other paper into the treasury, than such as will be taken at the U. S. Branch bank, and pass at par at the land office in Ohio.

Six hundred and thirty-one settlers arrived at Quebec during five days—from the 27th to the 31st of August.

THE LATE MAIL ROBBERS.

In a pamphlet which has been published as the dying confession of *Joseph Thompson Hare*, one of the mail robbers lately executed, he is made to confess being concerned in seventeen robberies, the booty of which amounted, altogether, exclusive of the robbery for which he suffered death, to upwards of 120,000 dollars. He had twice been convicted of robbery and sentenced to the penitentiary; and once lay several months in jail in Washington city. He was in the army, the pamphlet states, and, deserting from it, hired a horse and gig in Georgetown, and sold them. But the most ingenious of the narrated incidents of his life is that, whilst in the army, he meditated delivering up the person of Mr. MADISON, then President to Admiral Cockburn, then lying in Patuxent; which, he says, he could have done, could he in any way have communicated his design to Cockburn. If this confession be credible, it was a scheme worthy of the perpetrator of seventeen burglaries and highway robberies, and the tenant of two penitentiaries.

[By our Letter Box.]

MATRIMONIAL ANECDOTE.

The wife of a Philadelphia gentleman, besides loving her husband, had also another attachment which occasioned him frequently much uneasiness. In fact, like many other ladies of quality, she was deeply smitten with the charms of Cogniac, and when under its influence, her tongue became remarkably unruly. Her master tried several modes of cure, but without avail, until, one day, being on board a ship he observed the captain exercise a cat o' nine tails on the backs of his offending seamen. A thought, like electricity, struck him, that the same effects might be produced on his wife when in her *tantrams*. He obtained the precious instrument and had not to wait long for an opportunity to use it. It had considerable effect, altho the amusement was not much relished by his helpmate, and she could not wreak her vengeance on the cat as it was carefully locked up after every operation. Accident, however threw in her way, a favorable opportunity for disposing of it. Her husband had invited a party to dinner, and requested his wife to provide for the occasion. At the appointed time, the guests sat down, and among other dishes a huge pye was placed before the master of the house to be cut up. He commenced the operation but could penetrate no farther than the crust. Astonished at this phenomenon, he exclaimed, 'my dear, this is d——d tough!' 'I feared as much, my love,' replied she, 'as I found the ingredients not very tender, but they are composed of your favorite viand.' By this time the pye was uncovered, when appeared—not the limbs of any description of animal that travelled with Noah, or any article which even a French pastry cook would use, but the identical cat o' nine tails to which hubby had been so much attached. Not able to digest a pye of this description, an uproar succeeded, and the guests departed, leaving the pye untasted, and the entertainers enjoying that 'infernal state of riot which may be imagined to take place in hell, when a slave-trader breathes his last.'

M.K.

Envy is fixed only on Merit; and, like a sore eye, is offended with every thing that is bright.

[By our Letter-Box.]

MR. LEWIS,

I transmit further extracts from the valuable work mentioned in my last communication, as I expect your readers were highly gratified with the former. In this age of *improvement*, every aid should be afforded to the *ingenious* gentlemen who puzzle their own, and distract the brains of others with their inventions. In my next I shall communicate the political system.

SENEX.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into *one*; and leaving out verbs and participles; because in reality all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak, is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion; and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for *things* it would be more convenient for all persons to carry about them such *things* as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues after the manner of their forefathers—such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people! However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by *things*; which hath only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a greater bundle of *things* upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations a man may carry implements in his pockets and under his arms enough to supply him, and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room, where company meet who practise this art, is full of *things* ready at hand requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as an universal language to be understood in all civilized nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus, ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

EPIGRAMS, ANECDOTES, &c.

Nay, fear not, Bookseller! this book will sell.
For, be it good, as thou know'st very well,
All will GO BUY IT; but say it be ill,
All will GO BY IT too, and tis so still.

When the great Prince to Dido did not come,
She mourn'd in silence and was DI DO DUM.

Men dying make their wills—why cannot wives?
Because wives HAVE THEIR WILLs during their lives.

'Your cottons,' said Flavia, 'are cheating vile trash!
See! the colors all gone, tho you said they would wash!'

'Yes, madam,' the shopkeeper answer'd, 'no doubt,
I said they would wash: but I meant, they'd wash out.'
GERRO.

An action was brought between a Mr. H. and a Miss W. for a breach of promise of marriage. One of the witnesses being asked his name, &c. said his name was S. that he was a book-binder, and lived in L. street, where the parties frequently met together, and where the promise was made in his hearing—likewise affirming that he was the very first who introduced them to each other. 'Then,' said the judge, 'your intention was to *bind them together in one volume!*'

One seeing his friend wear a threadbare coat, asked him if it was not *sleepy*? Why do you ask? said the other. Because, said he, I think it has not had a *nap* these seven years.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

An imitation of the Storm.

Whilst in peaceful quarters lying,
We indulge the glass till late,
Far remote the thoughts of dying,
Hear, my friends, the SOLDIER's fate!
From the summer's sun hot gleaming,
Where the dusty clouds arise,
To the plains where heroes bleeding,
Shouts and dying groans arise.

Halt, halt, halt! from every rank there,
Mark yon dust that clouds the sky!
To the front, close up the rear,
See, the enemy is nigh!
Platoons, move to proper distance,
Cover close each rank and file;
They will make a bold resistance,
Here, my lads, is gallant toil.

Now all you from downy slumbers
Rouse to softer joys of love,
'Wake to pleasures without numbers,
Ease and peace your bosoms prove:
Round us roars the bellowing thunder,
Ah! how close the iron storm!
To the fields where pale ghosts wander,
Pass the word, form there, lads, form!

To the left display that column!
Halt! front! dress! be firm and brave!
Mark in air yon fiery volume,
Who'd refuse a glorious grave!
Open your boxes, quick be ready,
See, our light-troops gain the hill;
Courage, lads, be bold and steady,
Hence each care and fear be still.

Now the raking cannon roaring,
Speaks of havoc to the soul;
Grape shot, wing'd with death, fast pouring,
Ether rings from pole to pole!
See the smoke how black and dreary,
Clouds sulphureous hide the sky,
Wounded soldiers fainting, weary,
How their groans ascend on high.

Firm, my boys, who breaks the line thus,
O! can freemen ever yield!
Glorious dangers now combine us,
None but cowards quit the field!
To the rear each gun dismounted,
Close the breach, and quick advance,

All your former acts recounted
This day's merit shall enhance.

Now half-choakt with dust and powder,
Fiercely throbs each burning vein;
Hark, the din of arms grows louder,
Oh! what heaps of heroes slain!
See, the souls of brave men dying,
Call for vengeance as they lie,
Frowning still the wounded lying
Threaten, threaten as they die.

Bravely done, each gallant soldier,
Well sustain'd that heavy fire;
Alexander ne'er was bolder,
Now by regiments slow retire:
See our second line moves on us,
Open your columns, give them way;
Heaven, perhaps, may smile upon us,
These may yet regain the day.

Now our second line engaging,
Charging close, spreads carnage round;
Fierce revenge with fury raging,
Boasting Britons bite the ground:
See from flank to flank red flashing,
How each volley rends the gloom!
Shout huzza! what gallant clashing!
Man and horse now meet their doom!

To the left obliquely firing,
O be steady, level well!
Who would think of e'er retiring,
Let my lads your volleys tell:
See, by heavens, our dragoons flying,
How each squadron fills the plain!
Check them, boys, you fear not dying,
Sell your lives, nor fall in vain.

Now our left wing they are turning,
Carnage seems but just begun;
Desperate now, tis useless mourning,
Farewell, friends, adieu each one!
Fixt to die, we scorn retreating,
To the shock our breasts oppose;
Hark! the sound! the signal's beating,
See with bayonets they close.

Front rank, charge! the rear make ready!
Forward! march! reserve your fire!
Now take aim! fire brisk, be steady,
Charge! charge! see their files retire!
On their left our light-troops dashing,
As our dragoons break their rear;
Shout huzza! huzza! what clashing!
They fly! they fly: hence banish care!

Now the toil and danger's over,
 Dress alike each wounded brave;
 Hope again inspires the lover,
 Old and young forget the grave:
 Seize the canteen, poise it higher,
 Rest to each brave soul that fell;
 Death for this is ne'er the nigher,
 Welcome mirth, and fear farewell. R. H.

THE BLUSH ON HER CHEEK.

The blush on her cheek was by modesty drest,
 And her eyes beam'd the virtues that dwell in
 her breast;

May those eyes, & that bosom, unruffled by care,
 Be unclouded by sorrow, unruffled by care;
 Or if a tear start, or a sigh gently move,
 May the tear be of rapture, the sigh be of love.

HE I LO'E BEST.

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
 But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
 The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
 The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to my rest,
 That happy my dreams & my slumbers may be;
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
 The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

BEN AND MARY.

The decks were clear'd, the gallant band
 Columbian tars each other cheering,
 Each shook his brother messmates hand,
 With hearts resolv'd, no danger fearing:
 Ben Block turn'd pale, yet 'twas not fear,
 Ben thought he had beheld some fairy,
 When on the deck he saw appear
 In seaman's dress, his lovely Mary.

Her cheeks assum'd a crimson glow,
 Yet such for love her noble daring,
 No prayers could keep her down below,
 With Ben she'd be all dangers sharing:
 Yet cruel fate ordained it so,

Ere Ben had time to say, 'how fare ye,'
 An envious ball conveyed the blow
 That clos'd in death the eyes of Mary.

Ben's arms receiv'd the falling fair,
 Grief, rage, and love, his bosom tearing;
 His eyes reflected wild despair,
 No more for life or safety caring:

Close came the foe—Ben madly cried,
 'Ye adverse pow'rs, come on, I dare ye;
 And springing from the vessel's side,
 Rush'd on the foe and died for Mary. R.H.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A very great offer will be made to any respectable person who will engage to procure Subscriptions to this Weekly Paper, and some other publications. Apply to the Editor.

Sept. 23, 1818.

SPLENDID BIBLE for Sale.

Thomson & Small's splendid hot-pressed folio Bible, in Numbers, just received by H. C. Lewis, and for sale very cheap. The numbers are in perfect order, and as well conditioned as when first printed. The original subscription price, was \$20; but it will be sold far below its value. Any one desirous of purchasing this elegant edition of the Holy Scriptures, can meet with a great bargain by applying at the store, No. 164 south Eleventh-st. between Locust and Spruce streets.

Sept. 23—3t

THIS DAY

Is Published, and For Sale,
 By H. C. Lewis, No. 164 south Eleventh-st.

VOLUME FIRST

of the

WEEKLY SONG BOOK,

Containing 200 fashionable and original songs.

PRICE 87½ cents, neatly bound.

Sept. 16—

EMMETT'S REQUEST,

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

With a PRINT representing the Harp of Erin
 strung to his memory.

Just Published and for Sale, at

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PRINTED, AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
 By H. C. LEWIS,

No. 164, south Eleventh street.